

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

him, I should suppose he must naturally remind you of the words of Macbeth:

"We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

If Captain Brown intended, as you say, to commit treason, robbery, and murder, I think I have shown that he could find ample authority for such proceedings in the public declarations of Gov. Wise. And if, as he himself declares, he merely intended to free the oppressed, where could he read a more forcible lesson than is furnished by the State of Virginia? I looked at it thoughtfully before I opened your letter; and though it had always appeared to me very suggestive, it never seemed to me so much so as it now did in connection with Captain John Brown. A liberty loving hero stands with his foot upon a prostrate despot; under his strong arm, manacles and chains lie broken; and the motto is "Sic Semper Tyrannis." "Thus be it ever done to Tyrants." And this is the blazon of a State whose most profitable business is the internal Slave-Trade! In whose highways coffins of human chatties, chained and manacled, are frequently seen! And the State and the Coffins are both looked upon by other States, constantly exposed to the same fate! What if some Vezey, or Nat Turner, should be growing up among those apparently quiet spectators? It is in no spirit of taunt or exaltation, that I ask this question. I never think of it but with anxiety, sadness, and sympathy. I know that a slaveholding community necessarily lives in the midst of gunpowder; and, in this age, sparks of free thought are flying in every direction. You cannot quench the fires of free thought and human sympathy by any process of cunning or force; but there is a method by which you can effectually wet the gunpowder. England has already tried it, with safety and success. Would that you could be persuaded to set aside the prejudices of education, and candidly examine the working of that experiment! Virginia is so richly endowed by nature that Free Institutions alone are wanting to render her the most prosperous and powerful of the States.

In your letter, you suggest that such a scheme as Captain Brown's is the natural result of the opinions with which I sympathize. Even if I thought this to be a correct statement, though I should deeply regret it, I could not draw the conclusion that humanity ought to be stifled, and truth struck dumb, for fear that long-suffering despotism might be endangered by their utterance. But the fact is, you mistake the source of that strange outbreak. No abolition arguments or denunciations, however earnestly, loudly, or harshly proclaimed, would have produced that result. It was the legitimate consequence of the continual and constantly increasing aggressions of the Slave-Power. The Slave States, in their desperate efforts to sustain a bad and dangerous institution, have encroached more and more upon the liberties of the Free States. Our inherent love of law and order, and our superstitious attachment to the Union, have mistaken for cowardice; and rarely have you let slip any opportunity to add insult to aggression.

The manifested opposition to Slavery began with the lectures and pamphlets of a few disinterested men and women, who based their movements upon purely moral and religious grounds; but their expostulations were met with a storm of rage, with tar and feathers, brickbats, demolished houses, and other applications of Lynch Law. When the dust of the conflict began to subside a little, their numbers were found to be greatly increased by the efforts to exterminate them. They had become an influence in the State too important to be overlooked by shrewd calculators. Political economists began to look at the subject from a lower point of view. They used their abilities to demonstrate that Slavery was a wasteful system, and that the Free States were taxed, to an enormous extent, to sustain an institution which, at heart, two-thirds of them abhorred. The forty millions, or more, of dollars, expended in hunting Fugitive Slaves in Florida, under the name of the Seminole War, were affixed as one item in proof, to which many more were added. At last politicians were compelled to take some action on the subject. It soon became known to all the people that the Slave States had always managed to hold in their hands the political power of the Union, and that while they constituted only one-third of the white population of these States, they held more than two-thirds of all the lucrative, and once honorable offices; an indignity to which none but a subjugated people had ever before submitted. The knowledge also became generally diffused, that while the Southern States owned the Democracy at home, and voted for them, they also systematically bribed the nominally Democratic party at the North, with the offices and patronage at their disposal.

Through these, and other instrumentalities, the sentiments of the original Garrisonian Abolitionists became very widely extended in forms more or less diluted. But by far the most efficient co-laborers we have ever had have been the Slave States themselves. By denying us the sacred Right of Petition, they roused the free spirit of the North, as it never could have been roused by the loud trumpet of Garrison, or the soul-animating bugle of Phillips. They bought our great slave, Daniel, and, according to their established usage, paid him no wages for his labor. By his cooperation, they forced the Fugitive Slave Law upon us, in violation of all our humane instincts and all our principles of justice. And what did they procure for the Abolitionists by that despotic process?

A deeper and wider detestation of Slavery throughout the Free States, and the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, an eloquent outburst of moral indignation, whose echoes awakened the world to look upon their shame.

By filibustering and fraud, they dismembered Mexico, and having thus obtained the soil of Texas, they tried to introduce it as a Slave State into the Union. Failing to effect their purpose by constitutional means, they accomplished it by a most open and palpable violation of the Constitution, and by obtaining the votes of Senators on false pretences.

Soon afterward, a Southern, Slave Administration ceded to the powerful monarchy of Great Britain several hundred thousands of square miles, that must have been made into Free States, to which that same Administration had declared that the United States had "an unquestionable right;" and then they turned upon the weak republic of Mexico, and, in order to make more Slave States, wrested from her twice as many hundred thousands of square miles, to which we had not a shadow of right.

Notwithstanding all these extra efforts, they saw symptoms that the political power so long held with a firm grasp was in danger of slipping from their hands, by reason of the extension of

Abolition sentiments and the greater prosperity of Free States. Emboldened by continual success in aggression, they made use of the pretence of "Squatter Sovereignty" to break the league into which they had formerly entered the servile representatives of our blinded people, by which all the territory of the United States south of "36° 30'" was guaranteed to Slavery, and all north of it to Freedom. Thus Kansas became the battle ground of the antagonistic elements in our Government. Ruffians hired by the Slave Power were sent thither temporarily, to do the voting and drive from the polls the legal voters, who were often murdered in the process. Names copied from the directories of cities in other States were returned by thousands as legal voters in Kansas, in order to establish a Constitution abhorred by her people. This was their exemplification of Squatter Sovereignty. A Massachusetts Senator, distinguished for candor, courtesy, and stainless integrity, was half murdered by slaveholders, merely for having the manliness to state these facts to the assembled Congress of the nation. Peaceful emigrants from the North, who went to Kansas for no other purpose than to till the soil, erect mills, and establish manufactures, schools, and churches, were robbed, outraged, and murdered. For many months a war more ferocious than the warfare of wild Indians was carried on against a people almost unresisting because they relied upon the Central Government for aid. And all this while, the power of the United States, wielded by the Slave Oligarchy, was on the side of the aggressors. They literally tied the stones and let loose the mad dogs. This was the state of things when the hero of Ossawatimie and his brave sons went to the rescue. It was he who first turned the tide of Border-Ruffian triumph, by showing them that blows were to be taken as well as given.

You may believe it or not, Gov. Wise, but it is certainly the truth that, because slaveholders so recklessly sowed the wind in Kansas, they reaped the whirlwind at Harper's Ferry.

The people of the North had a very strong attachment to the Union; but, by your desperate measures you have weakened it beyond all power of restoration. They are not your enemies, as you suppose, but they cannot consent to be your tools for any ignoble task you may choose to propose. You must not judge of us by the crawling sycophancies of an Everett; or by our magnificent bound whom you trained to hunt your poor cripples, and then sent him sneaking into a corner to die—not with shame for the base purpose to which his strength had been applied, but with vexation because you withheld from him the promised bone. Not by such as these must you judge the free, enlightened yeomanry of New England. A majority of them would rejoice to have the Slave States fulfill their oft-repeated threat of withdrawal from the Union. It has ceased to be a bugbear, for we begin to despair of being able, by any other process, to give the world the example of a real republic. The moral sense of these States is outraged by being accomplices in sustaining an institution vicious in all its aspects; and it is now generally understood that we purchase our disgrace at great pecuniary expense. If you would only make the offer of a separation in serious earnest, you would hear the hearty response of millions. "Go, gentlemen, and

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

Yours with all due respect,
L. MARIA CHILD.

SPEECH OF R. W. EMERSON.

A meeting was recently held in Boston, on a day's notice, and convened on an evening not the most propitious, yet it numbered two thousand persons, admitted on twenty-five cent tickets; the proceeds to go to the family of John Brown. Collections were also taken up in the meeting. Ralph Waldo Emerson contributed \$40, and the following speech.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: I share the sympathy and sorrow which have brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. That commanding event—the sequel of which has brought us together—eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the Republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American republic. Captain John Brown is a farmer, the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the war of 1812, and our Captain John Brown, then a boy with his father, was present and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He cherished a great respect for his father as a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed; (applause)—the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage. He joins that perfect Puritan faith which brought his fifth ancestor to Plymouth Rock, with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. He believes in two articles—two instruments, shall I say—the Golden Rule, and the Declaration of Independence (applause); and he used this expression in conversation here, "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by a violent death, than that one word of either should be violated in this country." There is a Unionist—there is a strict constructionist for you! (Applause and laughter.) He believes in the Union of the United States, he believes in the Union of America, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the Union is slavery, and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The Governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the Court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood! You remember his words—"If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives or children, it would all have been right. No man in this court would have thought it a crime. But I believe that I have interfered as I have done, for the despoiled poor, I have done no wrong, but right."

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays such pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown, and through them the whole civilized world; and, if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. (Applause.) Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of slavery, when the governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of a man the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is within that broad Commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner.

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow sufferers in the Charleston jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathizers with him in all the States; and, I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's throat threaten him in the malignity of public sentiment in the Slave States. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him. I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent, that he existed to put them into action. He did not believe in moral suasion;—he believed in putting the thing through. (Applause.) He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the Government is quite unreliable. Great wealth,—great population,—men of talent in the Executive, on the Bench,—all the forms right,—and yet life and freedom are not safe. Why? Because the judges rely on the forms, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the fact behind the forms.

They assume that the United States can protect its witness or its prisoner. And, in Massachusetts, that is true; but the moment he is carried out of the bounds of Massachusetts, the United States, it is notorious, afford no protection at all; the Government, the judges, are an envenomed party, and give such protection as they give in Utah to honest citizens, or in Kansas: such protection as they give to their own Commodore Paulding, when he was simple enough to mistake the formal instructions of his Government for the real meaning. (Applause.) The judges fear collision between their two allegiances; but there are worse evils than collision; namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a Judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's will is impeded by abuse of the Federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz: the local government. Had that been done, on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again, by the ill-fitted formalism of a venerable Bench. If Judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is idle to compliment them as learned and venerable. What avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch, they are no more than idiots. After the mischance, they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born. A Vermont Judge, Hetcher, who has the designation of Independence in his brain, a Wisconsin Judge who knows that laws are for the protection of citizens against kidnappers, is worth a court-house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. Is any man in Massachusetts so simple as to believe that when a United States Court in Virginia, now, in its present reign of terror, sends to Connecticut, or New York or Massachusetts, for a witness, it wants him for a witness? No; it wants him for a party; it wants him for meat to slaughter and eat. And your *habeas corpus* is, in any way in which it has been, or I fear, is likely to be used, a nuisance, and not a protection; for it takes away his right reliance on himself, and the natural assistance of his friends and fellow citizens, by offering him a form which is a piece of paper. But I am detaining the meeting on matters which others understand better. I hope, then, that in administering relief to John Brown's family, we shall remember all those whom his fate concerns, all who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way, by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

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"This Court acknowledge, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me 'That all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. But if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions, in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, let it be done."

Noble, manly words, these! and they deserve to be emblazoned, in letters of burning light, along the pathway of life. Condemn this man! Nay; and the future historian, as with impartial hand, he shall approach the pleasant task of awarding the highest meed of praise to the bravest man of the nineteenth century, his fingers will eagerly seize the pen that shall inscriptively and indelibly trace the name of John Brown, or OSSAWATOMIE.

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This is the designation which a large portion of the press apply to the conflict at Harper's Ferry. We protest against such abuse of language. Is it not enough that the brave veteran who dared to strike for Liberty, is struck down by the hirelings of slavery, and now lies wounded and helpless in the prison of malignant and cruel foes, doomed to a speedy death. And will the Northern press, and especially that portion of it which is not sold to the Slave Power, but professes sympathy with freedom and true republicanism, permit itself to share the guilt of that great sacrifice to the Moloch of Slavery, and like the base multitude about the foot of the cross, revile the dying martyr. "The crime of Brown!" Is it thus that the bravest of our age, prompted by the purest motives that ever swelled the breast of humanity, must be designated, and that too by papers which profess republicanism, and whose editors' cheeks burn with shame and self reproach while they print the base slander. Why do they do it? Do they suppose that party-interest requires such hypocrisy? The contrary is the fact. The popular heart of the North pulsates with sympathy for Brown. The people are not so servile as the politicians suppose. Nineteen Twentieths of the men, and all the women, in our free land would have rejoiced in his success, and would rejoice now, if 10,000 men should rise to rescue him. This is a universal talk in our streets, our shops and our houses. Why fear to print it. Will it hurt a party to endorse what the people feel and heartily utter. Let us write the truth upon our banner, and "by this we shall conquer."

What was the "crime" of Brown? That he raised his hand against the giant crime of the nation that he set himself forth, like Abdiel "faithful among a million faithless," a champion for the truth. Like Wallace, like Hampden, like Sydney, like Warren, but still more like the noble army of martyrs who have striven and suffered not for their own good but for that of others, he too is sacrificed. The cross, the scaffold, the rack, the stake, the poisoned cup, these are the rewards which the world ever offers to its truest heroes and noblest benefactors, and few even of those who shrink from sharing the crime, have like Pilate the small grace to wash their hands of it and say publicly "I am clear of the blood of this innocent

person, see ye to it." As a republican, we claim at least this protest from the party. Let no man who claims to be a republican disclaim sympathy and fellowship with Brown. Let no paper which is not openly and confessedly sold to slavery, or striving to be sold, speak of Brown's attempt as a crime. It was to put down the great ghastly, earth-polluting and heaven defying crime of the age, that he gave his life. He is victorious. Who that believes in immortality and the eternal reward of the just can think otherwise? With what serene contempt would the old man, now on the brink of eternity, or let us rather say on the threshold of the celestial city, view the offer of the arch-fiend of slavery had the power to present the chair of Wise, or the throne of Buchanan, and all the kingdom of Slavery, and say "all these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Brown dies victorious. He has done his part. He has not done all he meant, but he has "done the best his circumstances allowed, and angels could do no more." He has inflicted a wound upon the Apollon of Slavery, slight it is true, but important in this, that it has shown how vulnerable the monster is. This hideous idol which has set itself up as the god of our land, its lords it over our consciences, which utters its blasphemous even in our sanctuaries, which thrusts its bloody code in our courts, scouting the higher law of God and of justice—this demon, whose food is the fruit of lash-driven labor, whose sport is cruelty and whose lusts violate all the virtues and deencies of life, whose highest idea of courage is the butchery of the defenceless, whose chivalry is assassination, whose mission is to make the fairest portion of our land a desert, where no worldly prosperity nor moral worth can ever flourish, and whose poisonous breath taints our northern air, debases our integrity, tarnishes our honor, and bewilders our moral understanding—this unclean, blood-gorging hydra is wounded. The age-stricken but resolute man has made an effective thrust. The coward monster's shrieks have proclaimed its weakness. Its prestige of power, and pretence of self-reliance is overthrown. Other hands and in other ways will finish the victory. Yet never will Brown's heroic service be forgotten. His name will be enrolled among Freedom's bravest leaders, and when the last battle shall be won, and our land finally freed from the last trace of Slavery, then future Virginians, worthy of the name, will build the tomb of the martyr Brown, and place his statue with those of Washington, Henry and Jefferson, and say "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

He mourns the dead, and commiserates the living. With him are associated some seventeen or eighteen men; and with these the old man expects to "let the oppressed go free." Noble purpose; but O! how rashly, how madly pursued. May! By common consent he is so regarded. Lawyers so term him—the public press so term him. It is even said that Mr. Wise so regards him. And I am here reminded of an illustration somewhat in point. Mr. Wise is not the first ruler who has had to do with madmen. King Achish was troubled with one on a certain occasion:

"Then said Achish unto his servants, Lo, ye see the man is mad; therefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?"

Yes; "this fellow" did go into the house—the Army—and occupied it some 48 hours! At length, however, "the house" is assailed by armed men representing two sovereign States and the Federal Government. The assailing party are victorious—the blood of the invaders (two of them sons of the old man) is freely spilled, and the old man himself is captured and thrust into prison. Court immediately convenes; and he, lacerated and bleeding from sabre stabs and bullet wounds, is brought before the august tribunal, and placed on trial. Too weak to stand or sit, he is obliged to lie upon a pallet, and listen to the solemn mockery. He is found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the second day of December next—only twenty-three days removed from that day which we observe as the most important in the history of Christianity.

To-day, therefore, in a voice loud enough to be heard wherever foot of man has trod, are the ominous words jingling in the ears of Henry A. Wise, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia—"THOU SHALT NOT KILL JOHN BROWN OR OSSAWATOMIE!" But will the voice be heard? Far from it! The Slave Power demands the sacrifice, and it will not be withheld, in his case, nor of those who are convicted with him. But, let it be remembered, the same cord that encircles the neck of John Brown encircles the neck of Slavery.

I am not here to defend, much less to applaud, the contemplated insurrection, revolution, or whatever you may choose to call it, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. What were his full intentions I am not informed. But, whatever they may have been, we can, in this instance, quite readily distinguish between the man and the deed. John Brown was no longer John Brown, but, in at least one respect, he was transformed Brown—given over to the single idea of striking the shackles from the bondman, in his own way, and comparatively oblivious to all things else, and

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"Then said Achish unto his servants, Lo, ye see the man is mad; therefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?"

Yes; "this fellow" did go into the house—the Army—and occupied it some 48 hours! At length, however, "the house" is assailed by armed men representing two sovereign States and the Federal Government. The assailing party are victorious—the blood of the invaders (two of them sons of the old man) is freely spilled, and the old man himself is captured and thrust into prison. Court immediately convenes; and he, lacerated and bleeding from sabre stabs and bullet wounds, is brought before the august tribunal, and placed on trial. Too weak to stand or sit, he is obliged to lie upon a pallet, and listen to the solemn mockery. He is found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the second day of December next—only twenty-three days removed from that day which we observe as the most important in the history of Christianity.

To-day, therefore, in a voice loud enough to be heard wherever foot of man has trod, are the ominous words jingling in the ears of Henry A. Wise, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia—"THOU SHALT NOT KILL JOHN BROWN OR OSSAWATOMIE!" But will the voice be heard? Far from it! The Slave Power demands the sacrifice, and it will not be withheld, in his case, nor of those who are convicted with him. But, let it be remembered, the same cord that encircles the neck of John Brown encircles the neck of Slavery.

I am not here to defend, much less to applaud, the contemplated insurrection, revolution, or whatever you may choose to call it, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. What were his full intentions I am not informed. But, whatever they may have been, we can, in this instance, quite readily distinguish between the man and the deed. John Brown was no longer John Brown, but, in at least one respect, he was transformed Brown—given over to the single idea of striking the shackles from the bondman, in his own way, and comparatively oblivious to all things else, and

Neither am I here to condemn John Brown. That work, in the language of Dr. Cheever, may properly be left in the hands of those dumb dogs that dare not even *gasp* against slavery. Neither have I any words of rebuke for John Brown, but an abundance of words of sympathy and commiseration. And there are words of his that I shall not soon forget, uttered by him just previous to the passing of the sentence of death upon him. And these are the words:

"This Court acknowledge, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me 'That all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. But if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions, in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, let it be done."

Noble, manly words, these! and they deserve to be emblazoned, in letters of burning light, along the pathway of life. Condemn this man! Nay; and the future historian, as with impartial hand, he shall approach the pleasant task of awarding the highest meed of praise to the bravest man of the nineteenth century, his fingers will eagerly seize the pen that shall inscriptively and indelibly trace the name of John Brown, or OSSAWATOMIE.

From the *Painesville Press*.

"THE CRIME OF OLD BROWN."

This is the designation which a large portion of the press apply to the conflict at Harper's Ferry. We protest against such abuse of language. Is it not enough that the brave veteran who dared to strike for Liberty, is struck down by the hirelings of slavery, and now lies wounded and helpless in the prison of malignant and cruel foes, doomed to a speedy death. And will the Northern press, and especially that portion of it which is not sold to the Slave Power, but professes sympathy with freedom and true republicanism, permit itself to share the guilt of that great sacrifice to the Moloch of Slavery, and like the base multitude about the foot of the cross, revile the dying martyr. "The crime of Brown!" Is it thus that the bravest of our age, prompted by the purest motives that ever swelled the breast of humanity, must be designated, and that too by papers which profess republicanism, and whose editors' cheeks burn with shame and self reproach while they print the base slander. Why do they do it? Do they suppose that party-interest requires such hypocrisy? The contrary is the fact. The popular heart of the North pulsates with sympathy for Brown. The people are not so servile as the politicians suppose. Nineteen Twentieths of the men, and all the women, in our free land would have rejoiced in his success, and would rejoice now, if 10,000 men should rise to rescue him. This is a universal talk in our streets, our shops and our houses. Why fear to print it. Will it hurt a party to endorse what the people feel and heartily utter. Let us write the truth upon our banner, and "by this we shall conquer."

What was the "crime" of Brown? That he raised his hand against the giant crime of the nation that he set himself forth, like Abdiel "faithful among a million faithless," a champion for the truth. Like Wallace, like Hampden, like Sydney, like Warren, but still more like the noble army of martyrs who have striven and suffered not for their own good but for that of others, he too is sacrificed. The cross, the scaffold, the rack, the stake, the poisoned cup, these are the rewards which the world ever offers to its truest heroes and noblest benefactors, and few even of those who shrink from sharing the crime, have like Pilate the small grace to wash their hands of it and say publicly "I am clear of the blood of this innocent

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